

ALL BRAND NEW
FEATURES!

THE HUMAN TORCH

WINTER

10c

NUMBER 1

40
THRILLING
PAGES OF
*HUMAN
TORCH* and
TORO

also
THE SUB-MARINER



20
PAGES
SUB-
MARINER

ALL BRAND NEW
FEATURES!

THE

HUMAN TORCH

WINTER

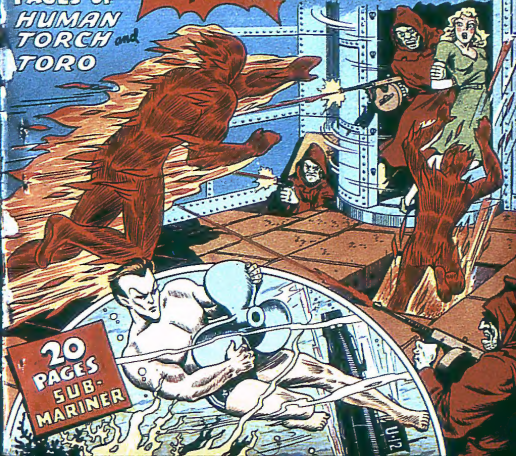
10¢

NUMBER

40

THRILLING
PAGES OF
HUMAN
TORCH and
TORO

also
THE SUB-MARINER



20
PAGES
SUB-
MARINER

--TRAITORS TO THE U.S.A.--

BEWARE! CAPTAIN AMERICA

IS COMING!

WITH HIS
RED, WHITE
AND BLUE
BADGE
A SYMBOL OF
TERROR TO ALL
ENEMIES OF
AMERICA!

THE MEN WHO GAVE YOU SUCH POPULAR FAVORITES AS THE HUMAN TORCH...THE SUBMARINER...THE FIERY MASK...MARVEL COMICS AND MANY OTHERS...NOW BRING YOU THE GREATEST HERO OF ALL COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS! HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES IN HIS WAR AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD CONQUER THE UNITED STATES WILL HOLD YOU SPELLBOUND...DON'T MISS THE FIRST ISSUE

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SENTINEL OF OUR SHORES!

IF YOU ARE A REAL PATRIOT...AND APPROVE OF THE FIGHT AGAINST TREASON AND SABOTAGE BEING WAGED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA...YOU WILL WANT TO JOIN HIS RANKS AND BECOME ONE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S UNITED STATES SENTINELS.

ON
Sale
ABOUT
DECEMBER
20

TURN TO PAGE 44 OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S JUNIOR SENTINELS AND OBTAIN AN OFFICIAL BADGE OF MEMBERSHIP AND IDENTIFICATION CARD.



THE HUMAN TORCH

and
TORO
The Flaming Kid

YOU'VE
MASTERED YOUR
FLAME, TORO!

WITH THEIR FLAMES ON THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO SEAR THE SKIES OVER POP'S CIRCUS. BY TEACHING YOUNG TORO TO MASTER HIS FLAME, THE HUMAN TORCH HOPES TO HELP TORO FORGET THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF HIS PARENTS...

LATER, THE CAR REACHES
POP'S CIRCUS...

IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS,
THEIR EVIL PLOT IS
PREPARED...

HA!
WE CAN'T
FAIL!

LOOK,
THERE'S
TORO
ALONE!

OKAY!
SNAP INTO
IT... YOU
HAVE YOUR
ORDERS!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE HEAD
OF A LARGE SPY RING READ ABOUT
TORO...

H-M-M, AT LAST, WE
MAY HAVE A MEANS
TO GET RID OF
THE TORCH.

YES, THROUGH
THIS BOY, TORO,
WE MUST MAKE
CAREFUL PLANS.

TORO



WHAT IN...
HEY...LET
GO OF ME!

QUIET TORO!
WE ARE YOUR
FRIENDS

FROM AROUND THE CORNER OF A TENT, THE
TORCH IS ATTRACTED BY TORO'S YELLS.

FRIENDS?!
I DON'T
EVEN KNOW
YOU!

OH! OH. LOOKS
LIKE TORO IS
IN TROUBLE

IN A FLASH THE TORCH
CRASHES INTO THE MEN

HERE'S A
LITTLE OF
YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!

ATTA
BOY,
TORCH!

THE
TORCH!

HOLD ON,
MISTER! DOES
THIS BADGE
MEAN NOTHING
TO YOU?

BADGE?

I DIDN'T KNOW,
BUT SUPPOSE
YOU DO SOME
EXPLAINING!

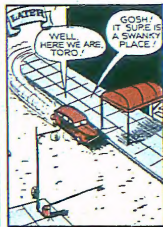
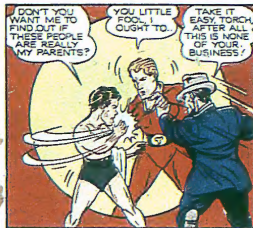
SURE! I HAVE
PAPERS THAT
WILL SATISFY
YOUR CURIOSITY!

THEY PROVE
TORO'S PARENTS
ARE ALIVE! WE
WERE ACTING IN
THEIR INTERESTS!

THESE PAPERS
ARE
OKAY, BUT...

YOU'LL HAVE TO
SHOW MORE
PROOF THAN
THESE LEGAL
DOCUMENTS!

TORCH
WAIT!



WHILE IN THE PENTHOUSE OF THE SAME BUILDING...

SNAP INTO IT, GOLDY, THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON!

THERE'S SOME ONE AT THE DOOR... I HOPE THIS WIG LOOKS REAL!



...IT'S HIM... OUR SON!

OUR SEARCH HAS ENDED! IT IS OUR BOY! COME INSIDE, DON'T STAND THERE!



I HOPE THAT MEANS ME, TOO!

TORCH! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



SIMPLE, TORO! I TRAILED YOU! I STILL THINK THESE PEOPLE ARE IMPOSTERS!

IMPOSTERS! WHY... YOU...



MISS!



WITH ONLY HIS ARM ABLAZE, THE TORCH GRASPS THE CANE FROM TORO'S FATHER.

OH-H-H!



YOU BEAST! YOU'VE HURT HIM!

HOW COULD I? I DIDN'T TOUCH HIM!



ALL RIGHT, TORCH! IF YOU'RE SO SURE THEY'RE NOT MY PARENTS, WHERE'S YOUR PROOF?

WELL, ...

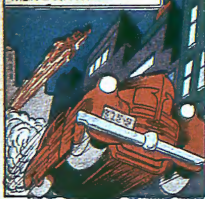


I THOUGHT SO! YOU CAN'T ANSWER THAT ONE! I'M CONVINCED THEY ARE... AND THAT'S THAT!





SUDDENLY, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS INTO THE AIR AS TORO AND HIS ESCORT SHOOT FORWARD IN THEIR CAR.....



I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING WITH THE KID?



THEY'RE STOPPING IN FRONT OF THAT WAREHOUSE! HM... THAT STORAGE ROOM HAS SKY-LIGHTS... I'VE AN IDEA!



INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...

LUDWIG! K-4 HAS JUST BROUGHT IN TORO!

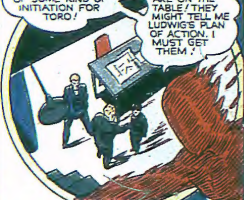
WELL, I'LL BE! LUDWIG THE SABOTEUR!

SHOW THEM IN!



AND HERE COMES TORO! HAH! THEY'RE SPEAKING OF SOME KIND OF INITIATION FOR TORO!

H-M-M... A SET OF PLANS ARE ON THE TABLE! THEY MIGHT TELL ME LUDWIG'S PLAN OF ACTION. I MUST GET THEM!



NOW, TORO, BEFORE YOU CAN BECOME A MEMBER, YOU MUST PASS OUR TESTS BLINDFOLDED.

I'M READY



NOW, YOU WILL LEAVE WITH THE SAME MAN WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE. THEY'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.

AND GOOD LUCK, TORO!



AS TORO LEAVES, A FLASH OF FLAMES EXPLODES THE DESK AND CEILING LIGHTS.



THEN, WITH HIS FLAME SUBDUED, THE TORCH LEAPS INTO THE ROOM AND GRASPS THE PLANS FROM THE DESK...

THE LIGHTS? SOMETHING BROKE THEM!

WHAT'S THAT SHAPE MOVING IN THE DARK?

GOON!

LEAVING LUDWIG AND HIS MEN BEWILDERED, THE TORCH RACES BEHIND A ROW OF HUGE PACKING CASES!

HE RAN PAST ME!

WHERE DID HE GO?

SAFE, THE TORCH CONTROLS HIS FLAME AND READS LUDWIG'S PLAN.

WOW! THIS IS BIGGER THAN I THOUGHT AND ALSO SHOWS HOW TORO FITS IN!



SUDDENLY, LIGHT FLOODS THE ENTIRE LOFT...

THEY'VE REPLACED THE BULBS... I'VE GOT TO STOP THEIR PLAN BEFORE IT BEARS FRUIT!

LUDWIG!



OUR PLANS ARE GONE!!

WHAT?



BEFORE LUDWIG AND HIS MEN CAN MOVE, LARGE HOOPS OF FIRE ENIRCLE THEM!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

IT'S THE TORCH!

AND HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR LUCK!



THE BALL OF FIRE EXPLODES AND DROPS STRANDS OF FLAME TO THE FLOOR...

WE'RE TRAPPED IN A CAGE LIKE BIRDS!

RIGHT! NOW TO STOP TORO FROM CARRYING OUT YOUR PLAN!!



MEANWHILE, K-9, LUDWIG'S AIDE, STARTS TORO BLINDFOLDED ON HIS INITIATION!

ALL RIGHT, TORO, TURN ON YOUR FIRE!

MY CLOTHES ARE BURNING OFF! WHAT'S MY NEXT ORDER?



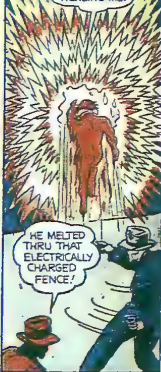
NOW, TORO, RUN FORWARD AND DON'T STOP TILL I TELL YOU!

HA - THIS BRAT IS GOING TO HELP RUIN THE DEFENSE MEASURES!

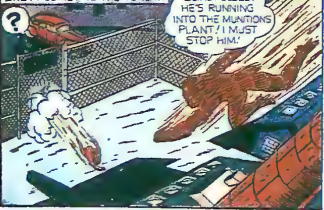


TORO OBEYS AND CRASHES HIS BLAZING BODY INTO THE HIGH VOLTAGE PROTECTIVE FENCE! LEAVING AN ELECTRONIC HALO AROUND TORO.

HAHAHEOW! SOMETHING'S TICKLING ME!



BUT FROM THE SKY, DROPPING LIKE A COMET, IS THE TORCH...



THE TORCH CRASHES INTO TORO!

STOPPED HIM!

WHAT IS -

INSTANTLY BOTH TORO AND THE TORCH SUBDUED THEIR FLAMES!

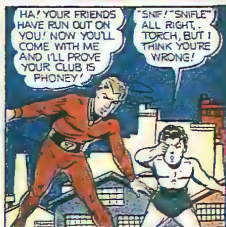
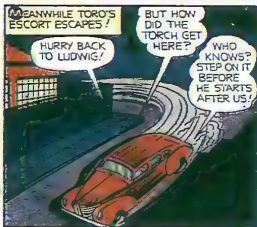
YOU - WHAT'S THE IDEA?

LOOK!

"GULP!" A MUNITIONS DUMP! AND I WAS RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO IT! SAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?

THAT WAS EASY AS I'LL EXPLAIN.

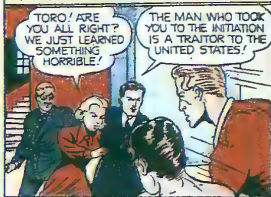




LATER, THE TORCH AND TORO DROP
IN FRONT OF THE JUNIOR IDEAL CLUB'S
HEADQUARTERS...

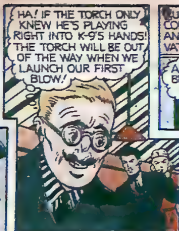


WITH THEIR FLAMES SUBDUED, TORO AND
THE TORCH ENTER, ONLY TO BE GREETED
BY TORO'S PARENTS AND LUDWIG!





AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!



HA! IF THE TORCH ONLY KNEW HE'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO K-9'S HANDS! THE TORCH WILL BE OUT OF THE WAY WHEN WE LAUNCH OUR FIRST BLOW!



GLIDING RACES TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM AND 'UPSETS' A HUGE VAT OF KEROSENE...

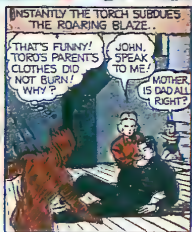
AND THIS WILL BRING TORO BACK IN LINE!



THE KEROSENE WHIRLS AROUND THE TORCH'S BLAZING FOOT!



THE LIQUID BURSTS INTO FLAME, TRAPPING TORO'S MOTHER AND FATHER!

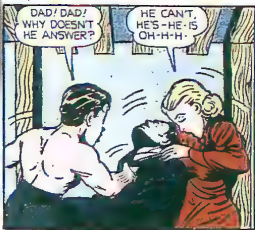


INSTANTLY THE TORCH SUBDUES THE ROARING BLAZE.

THAT'S FUNNY! TORO'S PARENTS' CLOTHES DID NOT BURN! WHY?

JOHN, SPEAK TO ME!

MOTHER IS DAD ALL RIGHT?



DAD! DAD! WHY DIDN'T HE ANSWER?

HE CAN'T, HE'S - HE'S OH-H-H.



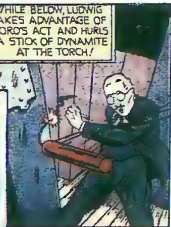
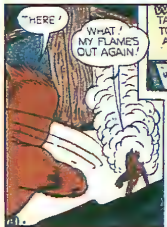
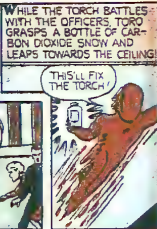
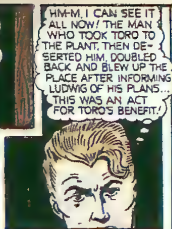
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS AT THE TORCH!

YOU'VE KILLED HIM, TORCH!

STAY BACK, TORO!

FROM BEHIND TORO, LUDWIG OPENS A HOSE AND SPRAYS THE TORCH WITH A CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW, THE TORCH'S FLAME FIZZES AND IS OUT!





FROM TORO'S ARM A SPEAR-LIKE FORMATION OF FLAME BURNS OFF THE LIGHTED DYNAMITE FUSE.



WHILE THE TORCH WHIRLS AND LEAPS AT LUDWIG!



TRY TO BLOW ME TO BITS, EH?

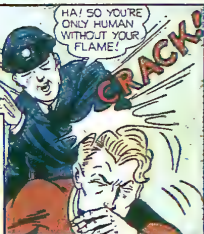


SUDDENLY TORO SUBDUES HIS OWN FLAME!



GO ON, OFFICER. STOP HIM! HIS FLAME CAN'T WORK UNDER A DOUBLE DOSE OF CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW!

RIGHT, KID!

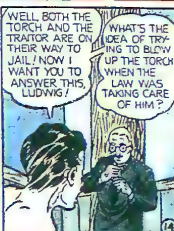


HA! SO YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN WITHOUT YOUR FLAME!



WHEN HE COMES TO, HE'LL BE RESTING IN A NICE COOL CELL!

YES, AND ALSO TAKE THIS ONE, TOO. HE'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST!



WELL, BOTH THE TORCH AND THE TRAITOR ARE ON THEIR WAY TO JAIL! NOW I WANT YOU TO ANSWER THIS, LUDWIG!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRYING TO BLOW UP THE TORCH WHEN THE LAW WAS TAKING CARE OF HIM?



WHY-ER-I WAS THINKING OF YOUR FATHER AND HOW THE TORCH HURT HIM! IF I'VE OFFENDED YOU, I APOLOGIZE, BUT COME, TORO, LET'S FORGET THIS INCIDENT, WE'VE IMPORTANT WORK!

MEANWHILE, THE TORCH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE PATROL WAGON...



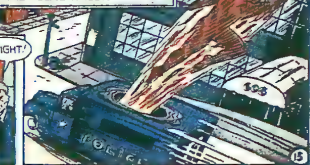
THE TORCH SUBDUES THE OFFICER.

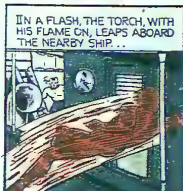
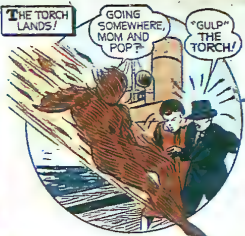
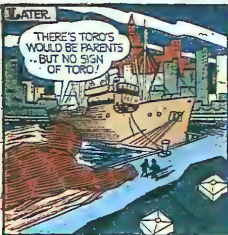


YES, TORO'S PARENTS ARE FRAUDS! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT PART TORO PLAYS IN LUDWIG'S PLAN, EXCEPT THEY'RE TAKING HIM ON A BOAT RIDE!



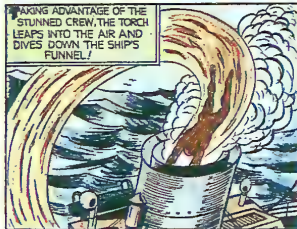
THE EFFECT OF THE CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW WORN OFF, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS THRU THE TOP OF THE POLICE WAGON...

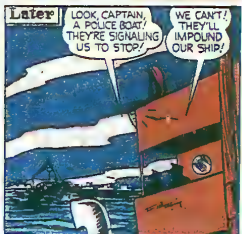
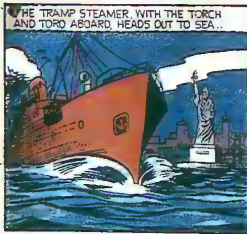






THE TORCH LETS LOOSE A STRING
OF EXPLODING FIRE BALLS THAT
TEMPORARILY BLIND THE ONRUSHING
MEN!





AT THAT MOMENT IN
THE ENGINE ROOM

WHAT TH... THE METER IS
GOING TO BUST! YET WE'VE
PUT IN LESS THAN THE
USUAL AMOUNT OF COAL!



THE STOKERS RUSH
FROM THE BOILER ROOM.

THE HEAT'S TOO
GREAT! THE BOILERS
ARE GOING TO
EXPLODE!!



SUDDENLY, THE TORCH STEPS
FROM THE BOWELS OF THE BOILERS

THE STOKERS
HAVE LEFT, NOW
I CAN INSPECT THE
SHIP... WONDER WHAT
THAT EXPLOSION
I HEARD WAS

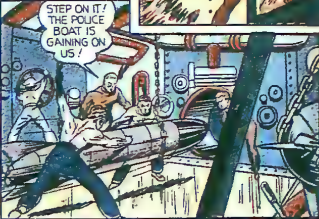


THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS
FLAME AND MOVES
TOWARD A DOOR

HURRY TO THE
TORPEDO
ROOM!



STEP ON IT!
THE POLICE
BOAT IS
GAINING ON
US!



REACHING THE UPPER DECK, THE TORCH
SCANS THE HORIZON AND SEES THE
POLICE BOAT.

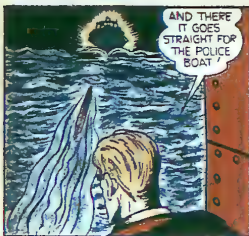
SO THAT'S
THE REASON
FOR THE
TORPEDO.



WHILE IN THE
TORPEDO ROOM.

FIRE!





AND THERE
IT GOES
STRAIGHT FOR
THE POLICE
BOAT!



INSTANTLY THE TORCH TURNS
ON HIS FLAME AND DIVES
FOR THE DEADLY MISSILE!

AS THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY
HITS THE CAP OF THE TORPEDO
IT EXPLODES AT THE SAME TIME,
SHOOTING UP A GEYSER OF
WATER THAT PUTS OUT THE
TORCH'S FLAME...



ABOARD THE ESCAPING
TRAMP STEAMER

COULD IT HAVE
BEEN TORO THAT
BLEW UP THE
TORPEDO?



NO, HE'S
ASLEEP IN HIS
CABIN! IT MUST
HAVE BEEN
THE TORCH!

HA! THEN HE KILLED
HIMSELF! THE WATER PUT
OUT HIS FLAME AND THE
TORPEDO DID THE REST!
NOW WE SAIL FOR HOME
WITH OUR PRIZE, TORO,
THE FLAMING KID!



*What
happened
to the
Torch?*

WHAT FURTHER
ADVENTURES LIE
IN STORE FOR
TORO?

CONTINUE THIS STORY
ON THE FOLLOWING
PAGES.

COVERED IN A BLAZE OF UNCONQUERABLE FLAME,
THE HUMAN TORCH ROARS ON TO ADVENTURE,
SAFEGUARDING THE U.S.A. FROM DESTRUCTIVE PLOTS AND SINISTER
ORGANIZATIONS WHICH CEASELESSLY PLAN TO DESTROY OUR FREE
AND SUCCESSFUL WAY OF LIVING.

BUY THIS NEW ISSUE NOW ON SALE!

MARVEL

No. 16

10¢

COMICS

Also



SUB-MARINER



VISION



ANGEL

AND OTHERS



RUSHED HOT OFF THE PRESS

DON'T MISS ANY ISSUE OF THIS SUPERIOR MAGAZINE. GET A COPY NOW FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER!

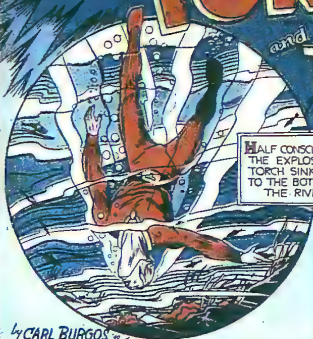
THE

HUMAN TORCH

and

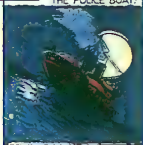
TORO

THE FLAMING KID



HALF CONSCIOUS FROM THE EXPLOSION, THE TORCH SINKS SLOWLY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!

WHILE THE TRAMP STEAMER ELUDES THE POLICE BOAT!



by CARL BURGOS

LATER, THE TORCH BREAKS WATER.

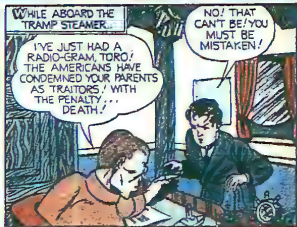
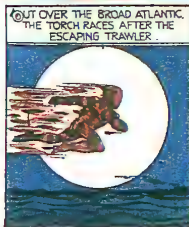
WOW!
THAT WAS
A NASTY
JOLT!



IT'S THE
TORCH! HE
STOPPED THE
TORPEDO!

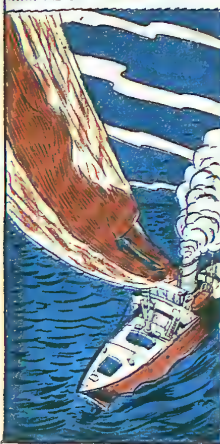
GET HIM
ABOARD!
HE LOOKS
ALL IN!



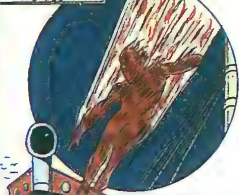




MEANWHILE, THE TORCH HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE SHIP AND SWOOPS DOWN!



AND LANDS LIKE A FEATHER ON THE DECK.



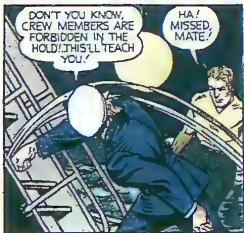
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME!

I'M GOING TO NEED SOME CLOTHES IF I'M GOING TO SEARCH THIS SHIP FOR TORO WITH-
OUT INTERRUPTION...
AH, THERE'S THE NIGHT WATCH... THAT'S MY ANSWER!



GOOD NIGHT, CHUM!





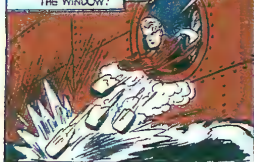
THE TORCH FIRST
SECURES THE MATE
WITH A STRONG
CORD AND DEPOSITS
HIM SAFELY IN A
CORNER...

HM...A PORT
HOLE JUST ABOVE
THE WATERLINE...
JUST WHAT I
NEED!



THE TORCH THEN MOVES
THE CARGO OF GOLD TO-
WARD THE PORT HOLE
AND MELTS THE BRICKS
AS HE POURS THEM OUT
THE WINDOW!

AND THAT
TAKES CARE
OF THE GOLD
SITUATION!



ONE MORE BRICK LEFT!
SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN
IDEA ON HOW TO GET HELP
FROM THAT WATER-
SPRINKLING HUMAN,
SUB-MARINER!!



WITH HIS HAND ABLAZE, THE
TORCH ENGRAVES A MESSAGE
ON THE BRICK TO SUB-MARINER.



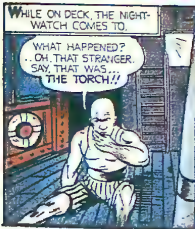
AND TOSSES IT INTO
THE HEAVY SEA!

I HOPE
SUB-MARINER
FINDS THIS
"MESSAGE"



WHILE ON DECK, THE NIGHT-
WATCH COMES TO.

WHAT HAPPENED?
..OH, THAT STRANGER.
SAY, THAT WAS...
THE TORCH!!



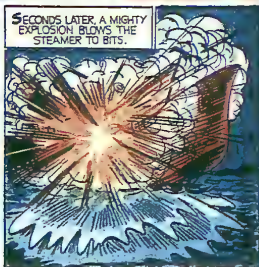
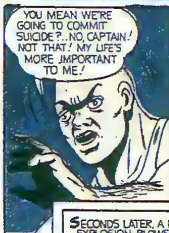
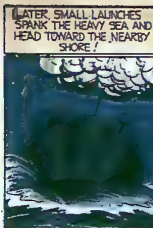
...I TELL YOU
CAPTAIN, IT
WAS THE TORCH!

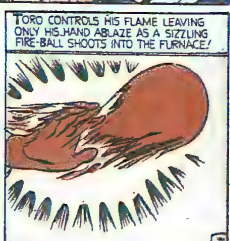
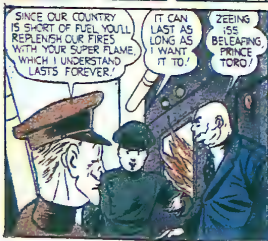
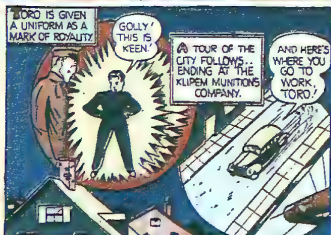
WHAT?



THIS TIME THE TORCH
STEPPED OUT OF LINE,
WE'RE IN OUR NATIVE
WATERS OF "SLAVELAND"?
SOON THIS FIRE-BEETLE
WILL SHOW HIMSELF AND
HIS DESTRUCTION
WILL FOLLOW!







WHILE FROM THE ROOF.

FIRST THE CAPTAIN BLOWS UP HIS TEA KETTLE THINKING IT WOULD DESTROY ME... THEN THEY FILL TORO'S HEAD WITH BEING A PRINCE AND NOW THEY GET TORO TO HELP PRODUCE MUNITIONS WHILE THE PEOPLE STARVE... I'VE AN IDEA!



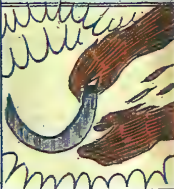
THAT NIGHT THE TORCH MELTS HIS WAY INTO THE KILPEM MUNITION WORKS...



NOW TO WORK!

WHAT'S THAT SHINING OVER THERE... BAYONETS? THAT'S GOOD FOR A STARTER!

GRASPING THE BAYONETS IN HIS BLAZING HANDS, THE TORCH MELTS THEM INTO FARMERS SCYTHES...

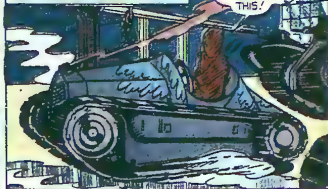


THEN, MOVING TO A ROW OF HUGE CANNONS, THE TORCH MOLDS THEM INTO HUGE BUTTER CHURNS!



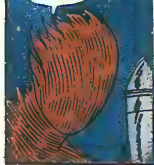
THEY'RE MORE GOOD THAN HARM THIS WAY!

TANKS, UNDER THE TORCH'S PEACE BUTZKRIEG ARE TRANSFORMED INTO INNOCENT TRACTORS!



I'M SURE THE FARMERS WILL APPRECIATE THIS!

HM... WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE? AERIAL BOMBS! HA! I'VE BETTER USE FOR THEM!



UNDER THE TORCH'S MIGHTY FLAME, THE WOULD-BE MESSENGERS OF DEATH BECOME WASTE PAPER BASKETS...



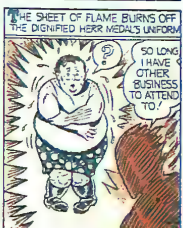
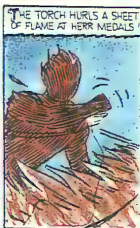
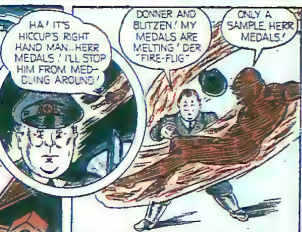
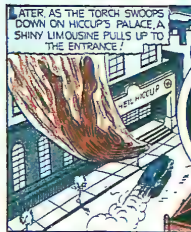
SOMETHING NO BUSINESS MAN CAN DO WITHOUT!

SOMEONE'S COMING!

WE MUST BE READY FOR OUR FUEHRER, ADOLPHE HICUPP'S VISIT TOMORROW!



YES, AND HIS FRIEND, MUSCLEIN! LOOK!



IN A FLASH, THE TORCH WHIRLS INTO THE PALACE.

AM! GUARDS!!
COME, BOYS, YOU'RE
INVITED TO THE
PARTY!

BOOMING BETWEEN THE FEET
OF ONE GUARD, THE TORCH GRABS
THE SECOND GUARD'S SPEAR IN
HIS BURNING HANDS AND WINDS
IT AROUND HIS BODY!!

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOUR
FRIEND IN A
MINUTE!

??

THE TORCH WHIRLS AND

HERE'S
A HOT-
PAD FOR
YOU!

THEN IN A BURST OF
FLAMES, THE TORCH
BLAZES INTO THE
MAIN CONFERENCE
ROOM!

GOOD AFTERNOON,
TROUBLE MAKERS!

VOT IN
"HIC"

WOT...

I SEE YOU GENTS ARE
SIGNING ANOTHER WAR
TREATY! I'LL HAVE TO
REMEDY THAT!

HICCUP HEES
BOINING OUR
TREATY! STOP
HEEM!

YAH!
"HIC"

BEFORE HICCUP CAN MOVE,
A STRING OF FLAMES WHIZ
PAST HIS FACE, CUTTING OFF
HIS MUSTACHE ---

AND DEPOSITS THE MUSTACHE
ATOP BENNY MUSCLEIN'S BALD HEAD!



SUDDENLY, HERR MEDALS ENTERS
THE CHAMBER IN A NEW UNIFORM!



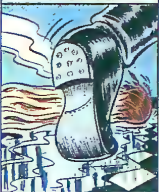
ACH, DER FIRE-BUG/NEIN,
TANKS, I GOT APPOINTMENT!
GOOD-BYE!



HA! LEAVING
SO SOON, MEDALS?
HMM, A STONE
FLOOR!



A BALL OF FIRE SPEEDS ALONG
THE MARBLE FLOOR REDUCING
IT TO A SEMI-LIQUID.



OOPS! I
SLIPPED!

OH, THE
STAIRS! I
CAN'T
STOP!



HERR MEDALS BELLOWS LOUD
AS HE ROLLS DOWN THE FLIGHT
OF STEPS!



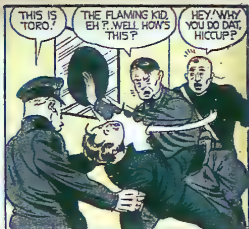
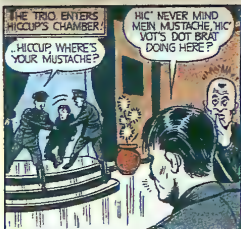
SUDDENLY, THE PALACE DOOR
OPENS AND SEVERAL GUARDS
DRAG IN TORO FORCIBLY!



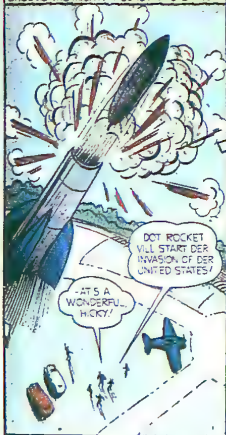
I DIDN'T
KNOW THEY
WERE TO BE
USED FOR
DESTRUCTION!

HICCUP
WILL ATTEND
TO YOU!
PRINCE
TORO,
BAH!





WITH A LOUD BANG, THE HUGE CANNON SHOOT'S THE MIGHTY ROCKET INTO SPACE!



WHILE FROM A NEARBY BUILDING!



ON A FLASH, THE TORCH FLYS THROUGH THE AIR! STRAIGHT FOR HICUP AND MUSCLE-IN!



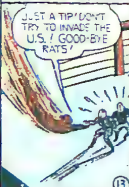
BOOMING UP, THE TORCH'S BLAZING FISTS CRASH ON THE DICTATOR'S JAWS!



THEN, FROM THE AIR THE TORCH HURLS A STRING OF FIRE-BALLS AT THE MIGHTY STEEL ROCKET CANNON.



THE TORCH THEN DIVES TOWARD THE EARTH CLOSE TO THE DICTATORS!



THE TORCH HEADS SKYWARD!



MEANWHILE, FAR OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN,
INSIDE THE ROCKET-BOMB, TORO REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS!

OH-H MY JAW!!!
B-R-R- IT'S FREEZING!
WHAT'S THIS ICE
DOING IN HERE?



TORO TURNS
ON HIS FLAME!

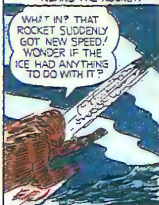
AH!
THAT'S
BETTER!

OOPS!
MY UNIFORM
BURNED
OFF!

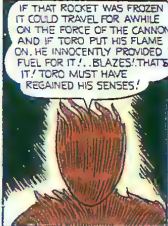


WHILE OUTSIDE, AS THE TORCH
NEARS THE ROCKET!

WHAT IN? THAT
ROCKET SUDDENLY
GOT NEW SPEED!
WONDER IF THE
ICE HAD ANYTHING
TO DO WITH IT?



IF THAT ROCKET WAS FROZEN
IT COULD TRAVEL FOR AWHILE
ON THE FORCE OF THE CANNON,
AND IF TORO PUT HIS FLAME
ON, HE INNOCENTLY PROVIDED
FUEL FOR IT!...BLAZES! THAT'S
IT! TORO MUST HAVE
REGAINED HIS SENSES!

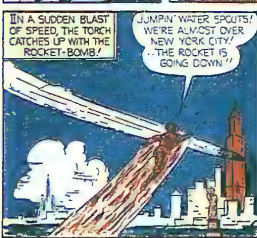


AND WHEN THE BOMB
LANDS, WHO KNOWS WHAT
WILL HAPPEN...CMON, FLAME
WE'RE GOING TO STOP
THAT ROCKET!



IN A SUDDEN BLAST
OF SPEED, THE TORCH
CATCHES UP WITH THE
ROCKET-BOMB!

JUMPIN' WATER SPOUTS!
WE'RE ALMOST OVER
NEW YORK CITY!
...THE ROCKET IS
GOING DOWN!!



WHILE CLEAR ACROSS
THE BROAD ATLANTIC,
IN SLAVELAND!

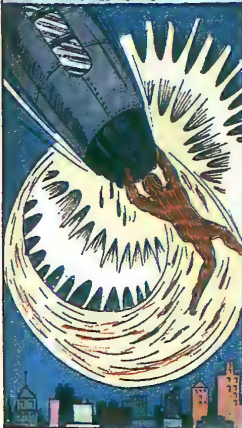
HAHA' IF DER TORCH
ONLY KNEW VE WATCHED
EVERY MOVE OF HIS
THRU DER TELEVISION
SET!

AT'S A GOOD
HICKY' BUT WE
SEND TH' ROCKET
PATROL NOW, EH?
AN' PAY EM' BACK
FOR HIS INSULT!
EH, HICKY?

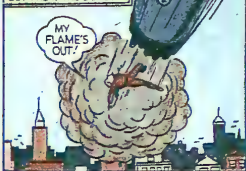
YAH!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE TORCH WINGS IN
FRONT OF THE BULLET-SHAPED MISSILE AND
STARTS MELTING INTO IT...



SUDDENLY, THE TORCH'S
FLAME BECOMES
POWERLESS AS A
BROWN MIST SHOOTS
OUT FROM THE BOMB!



AND FROM A PORT-
HOLE IN THE ROCKET'S
SIDE!



AT HIS COMMAND,
TORO'S BODY BURSTS
INTO FLAME!



TORO FUNGS HIS BLAZING BODY
AGAINST THE LARGE PORT HOLE
AND MELTS HIS WAY THRU!



AND SWOOPS DOWN
DIRECTLY UNDER THE
TORCH!



TORO'S MIGHTY FLAME DRIES
THE TORCH'S DAMPENED SKIN!

MY
FLAME'S
ON AGAIN!

I WANT
TO TALK TO
YOU, TORCH!



THE TORCH AND TORO
LAND ON A NEARBY PIER
AND PUT OUT THEIR FLAMES!

TO BEGIN WITH, I
WANT TO APOLOGIZE
FOR THE WAY I ACTED
IN THE PAST!

WELL, WELL,
...SO YOU'VE
FINALLY COME
TO YOUR
SENSES!



I DIDN'T KNOW MY POWERS
OF FIRE WERE TO BE USED
IN THE PERFECTION OF A
MECHANIZED ARMY!



...AND I ALSO LEARNED THAT
THOSE PEOPLE WHO WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE MY
PARENTS...WEREN'T!
...I MUST HAVE
BEEN A FOOL!

FORGET
IT, TORO!
WE'RE HOME
IN FREE AMERICA!
SAFE!



SUDDENLY THE AIR IS FILLED
WITH THE ROAR OF MANY
MOTORS!

LOOK! MORE
OF HICCUP'S
ROCKET
BOMBS!

WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING FOR
TORCH?



FRIENDS AGAIN, TORCH
AND TORO LEAP INTO THE
AIR AND ATTACK THE
ROCKET SQUADRON!



EXPLODING FIRE-BALLS CRASH INTO THE
ROCKET FLOTILLA...



THE TELEVISION CONTROLLED
ROCKETS FORM INTO A SPEAR-
HEAD POSITION AND STREAK
DOWN TOWARD TORCH AND TORO!

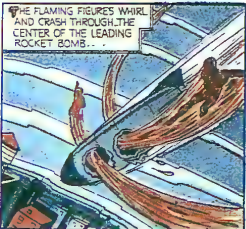


HA!
MISSED
THAT
BABY!

THRU
THE CENTER,
TORCH!



THE FLAMING FIGURES WHIRL
AND CRASH THROUGH THE
CENTER OF THE LEADING
ROCKET BOMB...



TOGETHER, TORCH AND TORO HURL A CUR-
TAIN OF FIRE AT THE ONRUSHING ROCKETS!



LOOK
THE ROCKETS
ARE MELTING AS
THEY COME THRU
THAT CURTAIN
OF FLAME!

THAT'S
ONLY THE
BEGINNING!
TORO!



THE MELTED ROCKETS PLUNGE HARMLESSLY INTO THE LOWER NEW YORK BAY!

WE'VE BEEN DUPED!
LOOK, MORE ROCKETS
DIRECTLY OVER THE
CITY!

THEN THESE
WERE USED TO
DISTRACT OUR
ATTENTION!



UNDER THEIR SUPER-FIRES, THE ROCKETS
MELT AND EVAPORATE IN THE AIR WHEN-

TORO! GO UP!
YOU'RE GOING TO
CRASH INTO THAT
BUILDING!

SOMETHING'S
WRONG! I CAN'T
WING UP!



THE TORCH AND TORO MOVE INTO
ACTION AND LAND THEIR FLAMING
BODIES ON TOP OF TWO ROCKETS.

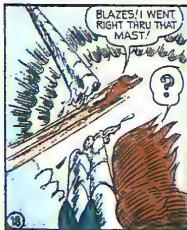
NOW FOR A
LITTLE SLEIGH
RIDE!

RIGHT!



BLAZES! I WENT
RIGHT THRU THAT
MAST!

?

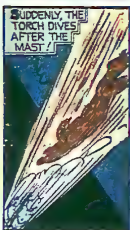


WHILE ON THE STREET BELOW!

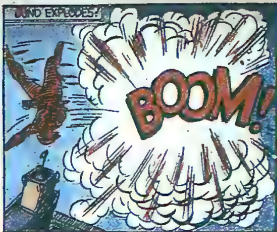
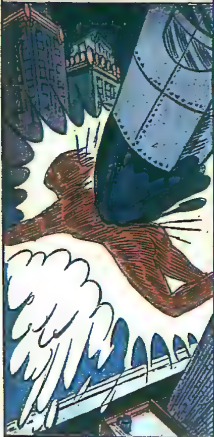
THAT MAST
IT'S COMING
RIGHT AT US
WHY DOESN'T
THE TORCH DO
SOMETHING?



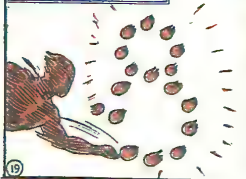
SUDDENLY, THE
TORCH DIVES
AFTER THE
MAST!



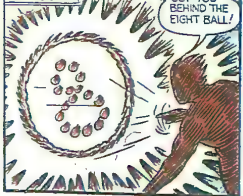
AS THE TORCH MELTS THE CHROMIUM
MAST, A ROCKET CRASHES INTO HIS BACK.



WITH THE FURY OF A HURRICANE
THE TORCH FLINGS A STRING OF
FIRE BALLS AT THE ROCKETS
TILL THEY FORM A FIGURE "B"



SECONDS LATER, A CIRCLE
OF FIRE FORMS AROUND
THE EIGHT!



THE TORCH THEN
YELLS TO THE
FLAMING EIGHT
BALL!

NOW!

THE BALL
EXPLODES,
TRAPPING
THE
ROCKETS,
EXPLODING
THEM IN
MID-AIR!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

WELL, THAT'S
THE END OF THE
ROCKET
SQUAD!

THE TORCH LANDS AND
TURNS OFF HIS FLAME!

ARE YOU
OKAY, TORCH?

SURE! THINK
THOSE THINGS
COULD HURT
ME?

WELL, TORO, I GUESS
HICCUP AND HIS PALS
WILL THINK TWICE
BEFORE THEY ATTEMPT
TO ENSLAVE OUR
WAY OF LIVING!

WHAT
IS OUR WAY
OF LIVING,
TORCH?

...LIFE, LIBERTY, AND
THE PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS, THAT'S
OUR WAY OF
LIVING, TORO!

THAT'S
SOMETHING
WORTH KEEPING
FOREVER!

WATCH FOR THE
SPRING ISSUE OF

**THE
HUMAN
TORCH!**

WITH
**TORO THE
FLAMING KID**
AND ANOTHER
THRILL PACKED
SUBMARINER STORY

HOT AND WET

"**W**HAT did you say?" the Human Torch asked. "I said Bill Everett was a better artist than Carl Burgos!" Sub-Mariner replied.

"You're crazy, you inhuman fish!" the Torch shot back. "My boss can draw rings around Everett any day in the week!"

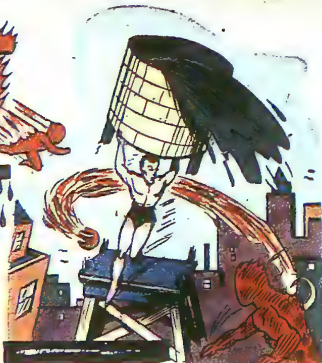
"Listen, you hot-headed fool," Sub-Mariner shouted. "Carl Burgos can't even draw fish! And if you don't think so, I'll knock your blaring head off!"

"You will, eh?" the Human Torch replied. "Well, I don't think so!"

The Sub-Mariner tensed, then swung. His clenched, steel-like fist whirled through the air—directly toward the Torch's stubborn jaw. But just at that moment the Torch snapped on his flames, and the Sub-Mariner's fist hit nothing more concrete than a mass of fire.

"Hah!" the Torch taunted. "Shouldn't play with fire, little boy. Never will learn that, will you?"

"You need a good cooling, you incendiary imbecile," Sub-Mariner said. "And I'm just the guy to do it!"



Without waiting for the Torch to reply, Sub-Mariner leapt up—straight up to the roof of the building before which they stood. For a moment the Torch watched him, puzzled. Then, with his flames still raging, he roared into the air after him.

Landing on the roof of the building, the Torch saw Sub-Mariner just as the latter reached the base of the tower that supported the huge water tank. Remembering the destruction the Sub-Mariner had caused when he had run wild through the city, the Torch shouted. But he was too late. Already the Sub-Mariner's great strength was on exhibition. The water tower, uprooted bodily from its moorings, was swaying slightly, water sloshing from the tank.

"Namor!" Torch yelled. "Don't!"

More and more the tank tilted as Sub-Mariner lifted it high into the air. The Torch knew that something would have to be done—and done fast!

"Maybe this will stop him!" he muttered, hurling a sheet of flame across the roof. The flames spread out, preparatory to encircling the Sub-Mariner and trapping him. The Torch waited, tense—waited for the Sub-Mariner to retaliate, waited for the giant tank to crash down upon him. But it never happened!

A thin, shrill voice suddenly sounded above the roar of the flames that were forming about Sub-Mariner.

"Stop! Go back!"

The flames stopped. Slowly they began to return to the Torch. And then the Torch saw what had caused it—saw who had shouted.

"Toro!"

"**Y**ES," Toro said. "What's the matter with you fellows? I thought you'd settled your argument long ago. Put that tank back, Namor!"

The Sub-Mariner stared, dumbfounded, at the small boy

Once again the HUMAN TORCH and SUB-MARINER meet—this time in an argument over their artists. And what a brawl it turns out to be!

who stood between him and the Torch. Then sheepishly he obeyed.

In less than five minutes the Torch, with Sub-Mariner helping, had soldered the tower back on its base. When he had finished, Toro glared at both of them.

"I can't understand what you two are always fighting about. Honest, you act like a couple of kids."

The Torch laughed, and a wide grin split Sub-Mariner's lean face.

"Look, who's talking," the Torch said.

"Well, kid," Sub-Mariner said, "it's like this. We were discussing who was the better artist—Bill Everett, who draws me, or Carl Burgos, who draws Torch. And we couldn't agree."

"Well for Pete's sake," Toro said, "why can't you settle it like gentlemen? Suppose you let me decide. Why do you think Bill's better than Carl, Namor?"

Sub-Mariner scratched his head for a moment, his brows furrowed. Then he replied.

"Well, look at the swell girl he put in the strip with me—Betty, the police-woman. And if I get mad he lets me smack anybody I want to. Besides, he doesn't make me work as hard as Carl makes you and Torch work."

The Human Torch laughed.

"Hah—is that all? I've worked with Betty—just as much as you have. And look at all the guys I've socked in my day. As for working—don't kid yourself about me working hard. I don't have to get up early in the morning. I don't work on rainy days, and in the summer, when it's nice and warm, Carl takes me out to the park."

"Bill can work faster than Carl," Sub-Mariner said.

"I don't know about that," the Torch replied. "But I do know

that Carl can work with either hand!"

"Yeah?" Sub-Mariner shot back. "Sometimes it looks like he used a foot when he drew you!"

"If he did," the Torch retorted, his face getting red, "he could still do a better job than Everett does with you!"

"You take that back, you flaming fool! Take it back before I—"

"Before you what, fish-face?" the Torch cut in.

"Hey!" Toro shouted. "Cut it out, you two!"

"Before I really get sore and show you what I can do to that flame of yours!" the Sub-Mariner replied, ignoring the protesting Toro.

The Human Torch's flame leapt suddenly to life. He spread his legs, propped his fists against his hips.

"There you are, water-bug. Let's see you do it!"

A SHARP, thin smile spread across Sub-Mariner's lean face. He took four steps forward, tensed himself, then—

"Wait!" Toro leapt forward, got between Sub-Mariner and the Torch. "What's the matter with you fellows? I thought you were going to settle this like gentlemen!"

"Gentlemen! Kahl!" the Torch snorted. "Call that thing a gentleman!"

"Listen, you," Sub-Mariner shot back, trying to push Toro aside, "if you think—"

"Stop! Stop it!" Toro shouted. "Use your heads, both of you. What will happen if you start belting the daylights out of each other, huh? Why you'll both be so badly mangled that you won't be able to appear in our comic book. Then what'll happen? We won't have any book, that's what!"

There was a moment of silence as both the Human Torch and Sub-Mariner considered the wisdom of Toro's remark. It was the Torch who spoke first.

"He's right, Namor. Not that I think you could hurt me, but I might mess you up so badly you wouldn't be in the next few issues."

"Look, Torch," Sub-Mariner said, poking a steel-like finger against the Torch's chest, "Toro's right, but it would be you who wouldn't show up. So I guess we'd better call a truce—for the time being. One of these days I'll prove to you that Bill's the better artist."

The Torch gripped Sub-Mariner's outstretched hand.

"All right, it's a truce. But you'll never be able to prove that Bill's better than Carl, because, my fine fat fish-like friend, you can't prove something that just isn't true."

As he finished speaking, the Torch let his hand turn slowly into a small mild flame. Abruptly Sub-Mariner snapped his hand away, shook it.

"Why you no-good—"

Before the words were out of his mouth, Sub-Mariner ground his heel down hard on the Torch's foot. The Torch leaped back, grabbed his foot and glared at Sub-Mariner.

"All right, wise guy, we're even. But I'll be seeing you—soon!"

"Anytime you say, Torch," Sub-Mariner said, blowing on his hand. "Anytime at all. I'll be ready!"

Toro shook his head sadly.

"You fellows sure can work up a mad-on when you want to. There's only one thing I hope—and that is that the kids see all of us in the next issue of our regular magazine."

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEEDS THE HELP OF EVERY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL-- TO HELP HIM IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE FOREIGN AGENTS AND SPIES WHO THREATEN THE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE OF ~~YOU~~...WHO WILL BE THE CITIZENS OF TOMORROW!

Watch..

YOUR NEWSSTANDS FOR A SENSATIONALLY NEW AND DIFFERENT COMIC MAGAZINE...FEATURING 45 PAGES OF THE GREATEST HERO OF ALL TIME...

CAPTAIN AMERICA

...AND FIND OUT HOW YOU CAN BECOME ONE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS AND RECEIVE A REAL

OFFICIAL
BADGE
OF
MEMBERSHIP...
PLUS AN
IDENTIFICATION CARD



MEET CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
YOUNG ALLY...
BUCKY



WHO ASSISTS CAPTAIN AMERICA
TO RID THE U.S. OF FIFTH
COLUMNISTS AND SABOTEURS...

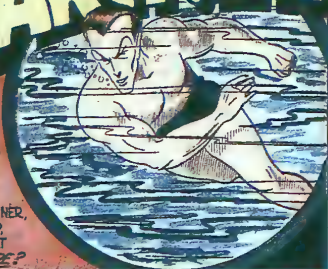
Prince Namor

BY Bill Everett

SUB-MARINER

REG. U.S. PATENT
OFFICE
COPYRIGHT 1940

IF WE HAPPENED TO BE AN UNOBTRUSIVE LITTLE SEA-BASS DRIFTING ALONG AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, WE MIGHT SEE OUR FRIEND, NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SPEEDING THROUGH THE DEEP, OBVIOUSLY IN A HURRY TO GET SOMEWHERE — BUT *WHERE?*



WITH WORLD CONDITIONS THE WAY THEY ARE, I SURE HAVE TO KEEP ON MY TOES! IF IT ISN'T ONE THING, IT'S HALF-A-DOZEN TILL SOMETIMES I JUST DON'T KNOW WHICH SIDE SUP!



DAY — THIS WATER'S GETTING WARM! THAT'S FUNNY — I HAVEN'T REACHED THE GULF STREAM YET AND IT SHOULD BE COLD! AND THE WATER'S TAKING ON A YELLOW — NO, GILT! — TINT! THIS IS REMARKABLE!



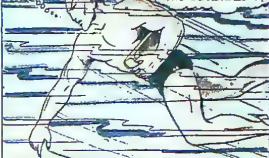
GOLD! MOLTEN GOLD, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! STREAKS OF IT, STILL WARM ENOUGH TO BE LIQUID — BUT IT'S SOLIDIFYING FAST! HELLO — WHAT'S THIS? A BULLION BRICK, WITH WRITING ON IT!



NAMOR PICKS UP THE SHINING BRICK, AND READS A STRANGE MESSAGE DESCRIBED ON ITS SURFACE



JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! THIS MEANS TROUBLE, SURE 'NUFF! WONDER WHAT SORT OF A JAM THAT BLAZING SKYROCKET'S GOT HIMSELF INTO *THIS* TIME ??? LUCKY THING I HAPPENED ALONG WHEN I DID - THIS BRICK MIGHT HAVE LAIN THERE FOR YEARS BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERED IT!



REALIZING THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE TORCH, NAMOR RACES TO NEW YORK, WHERE HE ARRIVES AT THE "BATTERY" ONE HOUR LATER.



I'VE GOT TO USE A POLICE CALL-BOY, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN!

IN A FAIRLY SECLUDED SPOT

HELLO, HEADQUARTERS? THIS IS THE *SUB-MARINER* - TELL THE COMMISSIONER THAT I WANT OFFICER BETTY DEAN TO MEET ME AT THE BATTERY IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES RIGHT AWAY! NO TRICKS, NOW - I MUST SEE HER *ALONE*!



.... AND AT THE SWITCHBOARD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

HOLY SMOKE, PETE! THAT WAS THE *SUB-MARINER*! HE WANTS BETTY DEAN TO MEET HIM! SOMETHING IMPORTANT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, AND I'LL LAY FIVE TO ONE IT CONCERNS THE *HUMAN TORCH*!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER'S CLERK

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID MISS DEAN - THE COMMISSIONER AIN'T HERE NOW, BUT YOU GO OFF DUTY IN FIVE MINUTES - WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT DOWN THERE THEN?

YOU BET I *WILL*, SERGEANT!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, BETTY FINDS NAMOR HIDING BEHIND A SHED NEAR THE AQUARIUM

SO! YOU DID COME! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BETTY!

WELL, WELL! NAMOR! WE HAVEN'T MET FOR A LONG TIME, HAVE WE? WHAT BRINGS YOU TO NEW YORK?



WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, BETTY — COMING UP THE COAST TODAY I RAN ACROSS THIS MESSAGE FROM THE TORCH, AND SINCE I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE HE IS, OR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM, I THOUGHT I'D BEST COME HERE. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME ?

UH-HUH!

HE'S A COP, YOU KNOW — SAME AS I — AND LAST I HEARD HE WAS WORKING ON AN ESPIONAGE ASSIGNMENT — TRYING TO ROUND UP A GANG OF FOREIGN SPIES. BUT I WOULDN'T KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND HIM RIGHT NOW — HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.

I SEE. UMM! WHAT TO DO NOW? WONDER IF HE'S GOT THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE BRAT, TORO, WITH HIM? THINK I'LL MOSEY ALONG THE WATERFRONT ANWHILE — MAYBE I'LL PICK UP SOME INFORMATION.

I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT, NAMOR. GOOD LUCK TO YOU — I HOPE YOU FIND HIM! I'LL REPORT THE MESSAGE TO HEAD-QUARTERS. SO LONG! KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME!

A FOREIGN SHIP — JUST ARRIVED. APPARENTLY!

HE WATCHES THE CREW DISSEMBARK

BEST RUN I EVER MADE ON THIS OLD TUB! GONNA REPORT THIS AFTERNOON, OTTO?

AM I? YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I DON'T! THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS!

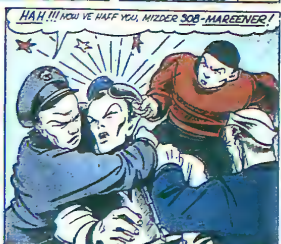
ABOUT YOU RIGHT, OTTO! LOOKS LIKE THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANY! AND — OH-OH! WHAT LUCK! I'LL JUST BORROW SOME CLOTHES FROM THESE BAGS!

DRESSED IN THE "BORROWED" APPAREL, NAMOR STEPS BRISKLY TO THE SHIP'S SIDE....

NOW TO "SEE ABOUT A JOB" ON THIS ARK!

AND MOUNTS CONFIDENTLY TO THE DECK....

THIS'LL BE A CINH — I ONLY HOPE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



SURPRISED BY THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ATTACK, NAMOG ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE SUBDUED....

HOW DID YOU—?



— GUESS WHO YOU WERE? DOT VASS ZIMPLE! DER POINTED EARS—DER WINGS ON DER FEET! HOW COULD I MISS! UND YOU LOOG CHUST LIKE YOUR PICTURES IN DER NOOS PAPERS!



AH-HA! SO I WASN'T VERY CLEVER, WAS I? WELL, WHAT NOW? DO I GET FED TO THE WOUNDS, OR HAVE A MORE PLEASANTLY HORRIBLE FATE?



VE VILL HAFT TO TINK DOT EVER! IN DER MEANTIME—DER BRIG FOR YOU!!!

TAKE IT EASY, BUTCH!



SOME MOMENTS LATER—

GAS! DOT'S DER ANSWER! VE VILL KNOCK HIM OUDT FIRST—DEN VE VILL DISPOSE OF HIM ACCORDING TO DER KAPTAN'S PLAN!



NOW! HE HAS HAD ENOUGH! BRING DER CHINESE BOOTS—DER IRON YUN'S, JOACHIM!

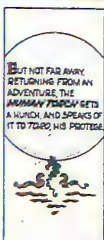
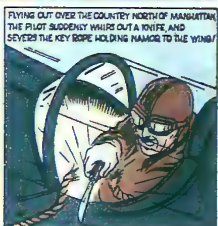
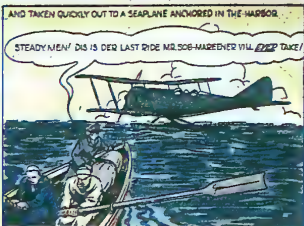


DAS IST GUD! NEXT VE VILL TIE HIM TO DER BIG BOMB!



LIKE DIS! DER BOOTS VILL PREVENT HIM FROM USING DER WINGS ON HIS FEET. HE CANNOT ESCAPE NOW!





NO ONE ELSE *BUT* YOUNG UN
HAVEN'T MET HIM YET, HAVE
YOU? WELL, YOU HAVEN'T
MISSED ANYTHING. HE'S
JUST ANOTHER WHEEL!



HOLY SMOKE! THE SUB-
MARINER-STRAPPED TO THAT
BOMB-AND IRON BOOTS
ON HIS FEET!



THE TORCH QUICKLY HURLS A BALL
OF FIRE AT NAMOR'S ANKLES-



CLEVERLY DIRECTED, THE FIRE BALL
WHIPS INTO A CIRCLE, AND CHANGES
THE IRON BOOTS TO WHITE-HOT
LIQUID!



THEY DROP FROM 105
FEET, AND NAMOR
FRANTICALLY PUTS
HIS WINGS IN
MOTION.



GUIDING HIMSELF INGENUOUSLY,
HE SWERVES IN TIME TO
SLIDE GENTLY TO THE
GROUND, KEEPING THE NOSE
OF THE BOMB FROM
STRIKING ANYTHING



A MOMENT LATER THE TORCH
WAS FREED HIM FROM HIS
BONDS

BEAUTIFUL WORK,
TORCHY-AND RIGHT
IN THE NICK OF TIME!



THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE! BUT
TELL ME- WHAT IS THIS SPY-RING
I BUMPED INTO? BETTY DEAN TELLS
ME YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON AN
ESPIONAGE CASE-ANYTHING TO DO
WITH THIS BUNCH I TANGLED WITH?



WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED, NAMOR — IT'S AN INTERNATIONAL RING TOGO AND I HAVE BEEN HAVING OUR TROUBLES WITH THEM — OH, BY THE WAY, YOU HAVEN'T MET MY PROTEGE —



GREETINGS, SON! YOU LOOK WORRIED — WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

GEE, NAMOR — YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! A FOREIGN POWER'S STARTING TO INVADE US FROM ELURPE!



WHAT??? WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME? OH — SO THAT'S WHAT YOUR MESSAGE MEANT! I'D BETTER GET MY FLEET TOGETHER — THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! I'LL SEE YOU THO LATER!

SO LONG, FISH-FACE!



INSOLENT LITTLE SQUIRT! BUT I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH HIM NOW — LIKE TO TAN HIS HIDE, BUT THE COCKY YOUNG BRAT WOULD PROBABLY TURN YELLOW, AND SNEAK INTO HIS FLAME! OH WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER!



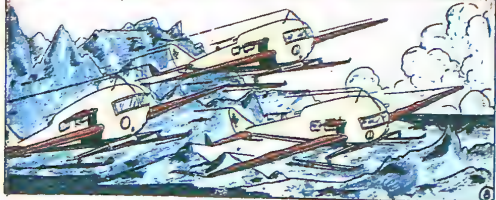
A FEW HOURS LATER NAMOR FACES HIS EMPEROR IN THE ANTARCTIC. ICE-CASTLE

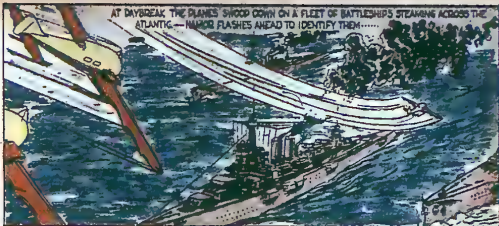
SO THAT'S THE SITUATION, YOUR HIGHNESS. I WANT TO TAKE MOST OF THE FLEET WITH ME!

YOUR REQUEST IS GRANTED, NAMOR — AS USUAL!



TAKING THE REST OF THE DAY TO ASSEMBLE HIS FIGHTERS, AND GIVE THEM THEIR ORDERS, NAMOR HAS HIS NAVY STRENGTH OF 80 AERIAL-SUBMARINES UNDER WEIGH BY NIGHTFALL — SILENTLY, THEY SPEED NORTHWARD!

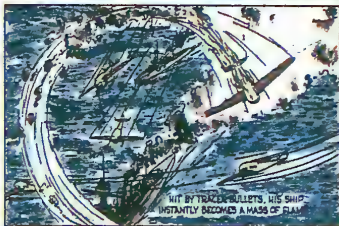




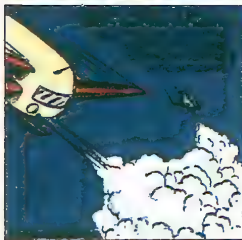
AT DAYBREAK THE PLANES SWOOP DOWN ON A FLEET OF BATTLESHIPS STEAMING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—NAMOR FLASHES AHEAD TO IDENTIFY THEM.....



AND IS GREETED BY A BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE !!!



HIT BY TRACER BULLETS, HIS SHIP INSTANTLY BECOMES A MASS OF FLAME



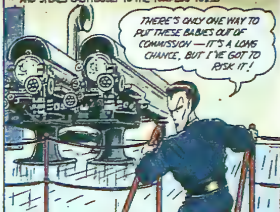
BUT THIS, NAMOR KNOWS, IS NOT ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THE ENEMY — GIVING MENTAL-TELEPATHIC ORDERS TO ALL HIS MEN, HE SUDDENLY LEAVES HIS BLAZING PLANE !

HOPE THIS PLAN WORKS !

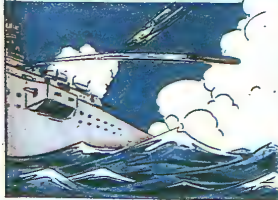
SCREENED BY THE CLOUDS OF STEAM (NAMOR HIMSELF IS IMPERVIOUS TO THE ELEMENTS — HEAT OR INTENSE COLD) HE LANDS UNOBSERVED ON THE UPPER DECK OF ONE OF THE SHIPS.



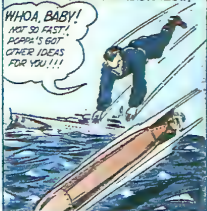
— AND STEALS CAUTIOUSLY TO THE TORPEDO-TUBES



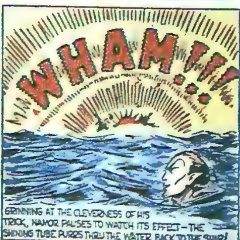
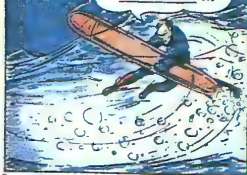
A MOMENT LATER ONE OF THE SLIM COPPER MESSENGERS OF DEATH LEAPS FROM ITS NEST AND SAILS OUT TO THE WATER —



BUT IN A SPLIT SECOND NAMOR IS AFTER IT!

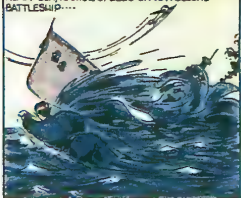


LET'S CHANGE OUR ROUTE, HUH? WE DON'T WANT YOUR OWNERS TO THINK WE'RE STEALING YOU! YOU'D BETTER GO BACK HOME WHERE YOU BELONG — THERE, THAT'S IT! NOW — **ON YOUR WAY!!!**

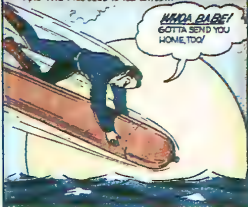


GRINNING AT THE CLEVERNESS OF HIS TRICK, NAMOR PAUSES TO WATCH ITS EFFECT — THE SHINY TUBE PURGS THRU THE WATER BACK TO THE SHIP!

AS THE WRECK LURCHES AND FLOURNERS IN THE HEAVY SEA, NAMOR SPEEDS ON TO A SECOND BATTLESHIP....

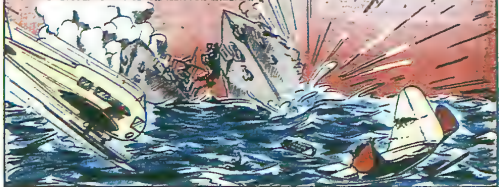


.... AND THE PROCESS IS REPEATED!!!

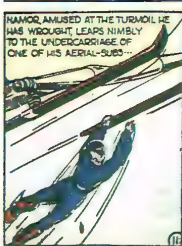


NADA BABE!
GOTTA SEND YOU
HOME, TOO!

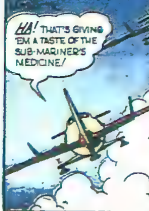
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE GREAT SHIPS EXPLODE, THEIR COMMANDERS DUMBFOUNDED, UNABLE TO COMPREHEND WHAT WEIRD MANIFESTATION IS SO COMPLETELY DEMOLISHING THEM! FINALLY, IN PANIC, THE SURVIVING VESSELS TURN TAIL AND RUN FOR SHELTER.



NAMOR, AMUSED AT THE TURMOIL HE HAS WROUGHT, LEAPS NIMBLY TO THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF ONE OF HIS AERIAL-SUBS...



... AND THE REMINDER OF THE REMAINING SHIPS BACK TO THE

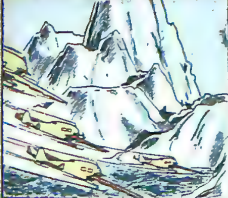


HA! THAT'S GIVING
'EM A TASTE OF THE
SUB-MARINER'S
MEDICINE!

MAYBE THEY WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS NEXT TIME, POOR FOOLS! WONDER WHAT THEY'LL REPORT TO THE HOME BASE??? MIGHT BE PRETTY EMBARRASSING FOR 'EM!



BACK AT THE ICE CASTLE, THE FLEET ALLIGES DOWN INTO THE BAY—SAFE AT HOME.



HELLO, DORMA—LERZA—HOW'S EVERYTHING?



WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE!
DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK
SO SOON. WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH, NOTHING MUCH. I FOUND THE INVADERS AND SENT 'EM BACK HOME—A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR. IT WAS SHORT AND SWEET—AND FUN! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN PICK UP ON THE OX RIG—



FROM THE RADIO:

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!
WASHINGTON D.C. CALLING THE
SUB-MARINER—WASHINGTON D.C.
CALLING PRINCE NAMOR! COME
TO THIS CITY IMMEDIATELY—TO
CONFER WITH THE WAR
DEPARTMENT AT THE
PRESIDENT'S REQUEST. THIS IS
URGENT—A PLEA FROM THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
PLEASE DO NOT FAIL US! THAT
IS ALL....



HOLY HALIBUT! WHAT DO
THEY WANT NOW??? NO
SOONER DO I GET HOME THAN
I HAVE TO START RIGHT OUT
AGAIN! I'M GOING TO SEND
UNCLE SAM A BILL FOR THIS!



SHEDDING A LIGHT PACK ON HIS SHOULDERS, NAMOR STARTS OUT—



ALL I DO IS RUN BACK
AND FORTH—I'M GETTING
FED UP WITH IT!

IN A FEW HOURS HE FACES AN ADJUTANT-GENERAL IN THE
WAR DEPARTMENT OFFICES....



GLAD YOU CAME, PRINCE—
I HAVE THE HONOR TO INFORM YOU THAT THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WISHES
TO DECORATE YOU PERSONALLY FOR THE VALOR
AND BRAVERY YOU HAVE SHOWN IN THE
DEFENSE OF OUR INTERESTS.
I HAVE ARRANGED AN—

BUT HE IS INTERRUPTED BY AN
EXCITED ORDERLY —

SIR! I BEG YOUR PARDON,
SIR! A MESSAGE FROM THE
DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL IN-
TELLIGENCE!
URGENT!



WELL? LET'S HAVE IT, MAN!

YESSIR — HERE, SIR!



JUDAS' GHOST! LISTEN!
EXPECT INVASION ATTEMPT BY
MASSSED FLEETS IN ATLANTIC
WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!
WOW! NO FOOLING THIS TIME —
THIS IS OFFICIAL!!!



NAMOR, WE'VE GOT TO ASK YOUR
HELP AGAIN! AS YOU KNOW, WE
HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO PRE-
PARE FOR WAR, BUT YOU ARE
ABLE TO GO INTO ACTION ON A FEW
HOURS' NOTICE — WILL YOU
GIVE US A HAND ONCE MORE?



WELL — YES, I SUPPOSE SO.
BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH OF MY
ORIGINAL FLEET LEFT NOW.
I'VE LOST A LOT OF PLANES AL-
READY, FIGHTING YOUR BATTLES
FOR YOU. I SHOULD THINK —

BUT NEVER
MIND. I'LL
HELP.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, NAMOR IS
AGAIN SPEEDING HOMEWARD —

BACK AND FORTH — BACK AND
FORTH!
HITS!!!



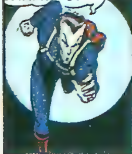
AND EVEN AS HE DROPS TO HIS FRIGID HOME IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC, THE GREAT ARM OF THE PACIFIC FLEET
IS STEAMING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL TO GIVE ASSISTANCE
TO ITS ATLANTIC COUNTERPART

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS
THE REAL GOODS,
EH, PAT?

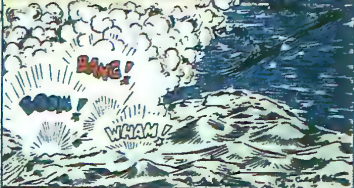


NAMOR'S WINDED FEET CARRY HIM OVER THE OCEAN WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING —

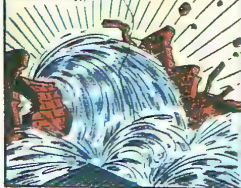
WHAT WOULD THESE AMERICANS DO WITHOUT ME?



BUT BACK AT PANAMA, THE AMERICANS GET A THUNDEROUS SURPRISE! JUST AS THE LAST PACIFIC FLEET BATTLESHIP STEAMS INTO THE ATLANTIC, A SERIES OF TERRIFIC BLASTS ROCKS THE ENTIRE CANAL TERRITORY !!!



SABOTEURS HAVE BLOWN UP THE CANAL, CUTTING OFF THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES NAVY FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN !!!



AND FAR OUT ON THE PACIFIC, A WATCHMAN ON A SMALL FISHING SCHOONER SHOUTS TO HIS COMPANION.....

HEY "SPARKS"! QUICK, GET ON THAT KEY! GET IN TOUCH WITH PANAMA, OR SAN DIEGO! THERE'S A FLEET OF FOREIGN SHIPS HEADED THIS WAY!

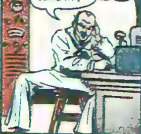


THE LITTLE BOAT'S WIRELESS FRANTICALLY BEATS OUT A CODED MESSAGE TO NAVAL HEADQUARTERS — ITS CREW IS IN THE SERVICE OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT!



AND AT NAVAL AND COAST-GUARD STATIONS ALL ALONG THE COAST THE WORDS ARE PICKED UP AND RELAYED TO WASHINGTON.....

OKAY LOS ANGELES — THIS IS NEW ORLEANS — CALLING WASHINGTON — CR — CR — COME IN!



AND IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL —

HERE, BOY — RUSH THIS TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT !!!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OFFICIALS ARE PORING OVER MAPS, TALKING EXCITEDLY

OH LORD, LOOK WHAT WE'VE DONE! BOTTLED OURSELVES UP COMPLETELY! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS, NOW!



DON'T GO OFF HALF-COOKED, ADMIRAL! SEND PLANES OUT TO LOCATE POSITIONS OF THE ENEMY FLEET, AND THEN TRY TO CONTACT THE SUB-MARINER. HE'S ON HIS WAY HERE WITH HIS AIR-ARMADA, ANYWAY. TELL HIM ABOUT IT!



SENDING PLANES TO SEARCH THE SKY WHILE THE OTHER HUNS WITH RADIO MESSAGES TO NAME



—WHO PICKS THEM UP IN HIS FLAGSHIP, AND THEN HURRIEDLY GIVES ORDERS TO THE REST OF HIS FLEET

CHANGE COURSE TO WEST-SOU' WEST — FULL SPEED!!!



Zooming low over the shattered area, NAMOR surveys the damage



SUDDENLY, AT HIS GIVEN COMMAND, THE AERIAL-SUBS DROP GREAT MAGNETS ATTACHED TO REELED STEEL CABLES —



MAINTAINING THEIR FORMATION, THEY SWEEP BACK AND FORTH OVER THE DESTRUCTION, THE POWERFUL MAGNETS SEIZING DEBRIS AND CARRYING OBSTRUCTION AWAY!



WHILE THE REST OF HIS PLANES CONTINUE THIS, NAMOR PICKS A CHOSEN FEW, AND WITH THEM LANDS ON A GRASSY FIELD WHERE SOME CONSTRUCTION HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS —

WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO THIEVERY NOW, POLMA, AND WE'RE GOING TO STEAL — OF ALL THINGS — STEAM SHOVELS! — OR AT LEAST PART OF THEM! THE SHOVEL PART

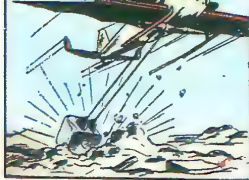


WITH A CREW OF TWENTY STRONG MEN, NAMOR SOON HAS THE STEAM-SHOVELS DISMANTLED, AND THEIR SCOOPS ATTACHED TO THE AERIAL-SUBS' MAGNETS....

WELL DONE, POLMA! NOW, LET'S GO!



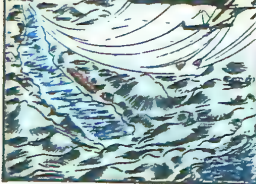
AT FULL SPEED THE SUBS TOW THE SCOOPS TO THE CANAL, WHERE THEY DIVE LOW AND DIG INTO THE BLASTED EARTH THAT FILLS THE "BIG DITCH"



FOR MANY MINUTES THEY ARE OCCUPIED IN CLEANING OUT THE OBSTRUCTION — BUT THEY WORK AT SUPERHUMAN SPEED, AND SOON.....



A "NEW" CANAL HAS BEEN DUG! BUT NAMOR'S PLANES LEAVE THE ENTRANCES CLOSED, TO FORM A NATURAL LOCK. THIS THEY MUST DO IF THE SHIPS ARE TO PASS FROM ONE SEA TO THE OTHER.



HIS PLAN WELL FORTH IN MIND, NAMOR RADIOES THE FLEET COMMANDER IN THE ATLANTIC —

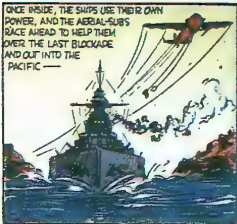
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT! JUST KEEP YOUR SHIPS DRIFTING, AND TELL YOUR MEN TO STRAP THEMSELVES TO STANCHIONS, BULKHEADS, OR ANYTHING — BUT HOLD TIGHT! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!



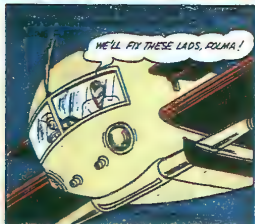
THEN, REPEATING THE PROCESS HE USED IN BALTIMORE A FEW MONTHS AGO, HE ORDERS SIX OF HIS PLANES TO EACH BATTLESHIP, AND THEY HOVER OVERHEAD AS THEIR HEAVY MAGNETS CLANK LOUDLY ON THE STEEL DECKS



ONCE INSIDE, THE SHIPS USE THEIR OWN POWER, AND THE AERIAL-SUBS RACE AHEAD TO HELP THEM OVER THE LAST BLOCKADE AND OUT INTO THE PACIFIC —



WE'LL FIX THESE LADS, FOLMA!



THE AERIAL-SUBMARINES SNOOP DOWN BOLDLY FROM THE CLOUDS, AND ARE GREETED BY A WILD BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE FROM THE SURPRISED INVADERS!



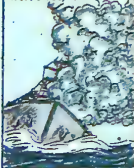
THE PLANE'S CREEEN CLOSE TO THE SHIPS, AND DROP PECOLAR TENG-SHAPED GLASS CONTAINERS ON THEIR DECKS



WHICH PROVE TO BE BOMBS—HARMLESS ENOUGH
IN DETONATION, BUT—



—RAISING A HORRIBLE, UN-
EARTHLY VAPOR! A GREEN
GAS WHICH INSTANTLY EATS
AWAY ANYTHING IT TOUCHES—
WOOD, STEEL, IRON—



—OR FLESH!!

WEE—!
GLURG, GLUR!
OOOOH!!



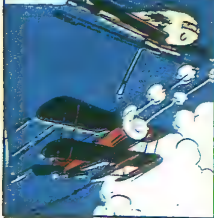
BUT FROM OTHER VESSELS, WHERE THESE
DEADLY BOMBS MISSED, COMES A STEADY
CHATTER OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE, AND THE
ANGRY BARK OF ONE-POUNDERS!



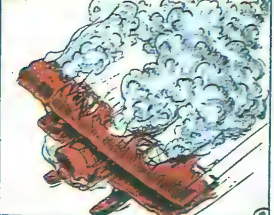
THEY TAKE THEIR TOLL, AND MANY OF NAMOR'S PLANE, BATHED
IN A WREATH OF FLAME,
PLUNGE INTO THE
SEA.



RECONNAISSANCE PLANES TAKE OFF FROM THE SHIPS,
SPITTING LEAD.



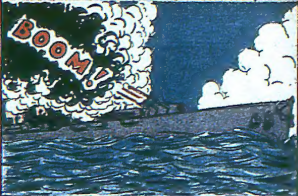
BUT DISINTEGRATE HORRIBLY UNDER A CLOUD OF THE GREEN
GAS!



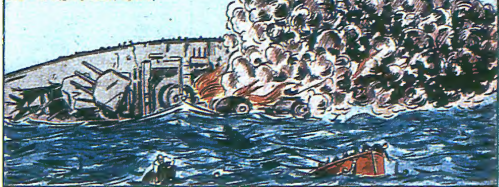
IN THE MEANTIME, WHILE THIS PRELIMINARY BATTLE RAGES, THE AMERICAN FLEET APPROACHES TO WITHIN FIRING RANGE —



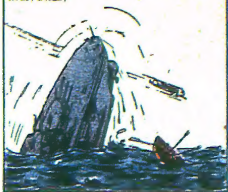
— AND COMING EVER CLOSER, BELCHE'S SALVO AFTER SALVO, HER BROADSIDES SCORCHED WITH THE HEAT OF HER OWN FIRE!



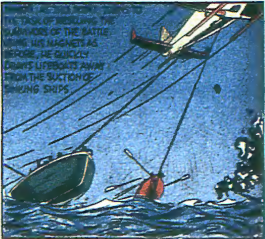
AND NEARLY EVERY SHOT COUNTS! ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE INVADING SHIPS REELS UNDER A DEATH-BLOW, CONVULSES IN ITS MIDDLE, SHUDDERS HORRIBLY, AND WITH A FINAL DESPAIRING GROAN, ROLLS SLOWLY ON ITS SIDE — TO DIE A BALLANT DEATH!



BUT THE AMERICANS DO NOT GET OFF EASILY... THEY ARE MET WITH RETURN FIRE FROM THE INVADERS, AND SOME OF THE INVADERS' SHOTS ARE WELL PLACED!



WHEN THE BATTLE BEGINS TO TAKE THE TASK OF RESCUING THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE, USING HIS MAGNETS AS BEFORE, HE QUICKLY DRAWS LIFEBOATS AWAY FROM THE SUCTION OF SINKING SHIPS.



THE BATTLE RAGES SHORT AND SWEET, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT — ON THE AMERICAN SIDE. THE INVADERS MUST TURN TAIL BUT SPITEFULLY, BLASTING FAREWELL VENGEANCE AS THEY GO.



THE FIGHT IS OVER! UNDER A PROTECTIVE SMOKE-SCREEN THE LAST OF THE WOULD-BE INVADERS DISAPPEARS, AND ALL THAT IS LEFT IS A MOORNFUL, BRINY GRAVEYARD, AND THE SURVIVING AMERICAN WARSHIPS LIMPING HOMEWARD, ESCORTED BY A HANDFUL OF AERIAL-SUBMARINES — ALL THAT IS LEFT OF NAMOR'S HEROIC ARMADA.



ON A CRIPPLED SHIP, TWO OFFICERS REVIEW THE BATTLE —

WOW! THAT WAS SOMETHING!

AND ADD! BUT WE'VE GOT THE SUB-MARINER TO THANK FOR OUR LIVES!



—AND A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE LAST SHIP REPORTS TO ITS HOME BASE, A GENERAL MESSAGE GOES OUT OVER THE AIRWAVES —



TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION —

NAMOR, AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, I THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR US! THERE IS NO AWARD HIGH ENOUGH TO HONOR YOU AS YOU DESERVE — BUT YOU HAVE THE EVERLASTING LOVE OF EVERY AMERICAN!



NAMOR IS ACCLAIMED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES! THE NATION'S HERO!!!



HOW MANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE a Complete 64 PAGE BOOK on **SUB-MARINER?** Let us know. — Will you?

Introducing

THE MOST SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER
IN COMIC MAGAZINES--

THE

BLACK MARVEL

The
BLACK MARVEL
NOW APPEARS
EACH MONTH
IN YOUR OLD
FAVORITE--

**MYSTIC
COMICS**

PLUS THESE STAR
FEATURES--

SUPER
SLAVE

MOON
MAN

SUB-EARTH
MAN

THE
FIN

THE
TERROR

THE BLACK
WIDOW

ON
SALE

AT YOUR FAVORITE
DEALER...

DECEMBER 15th





C'mon— BOYS-GIRLS MEN-WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 28 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$2.80 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offer. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

12 Piece TABLEWARE SET



4 Knives, 4 Forks, 4 Teaspoons, 4 Butter Knives, 4 Spoon Knives. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT



Real rod and reel, complete fish, 12 painted lures, 12 lead sinkers, 12 snap hooks and swivels. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

Household CLOCK



Real Live CANARY



Send Express Collect.

18 Piece Prizable Curtains Set



Complete set of material, lining, hardware. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

12 Piece Bone China DINNER SET GIVEN



Send **SEND** for nothing else but our offer. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

Ladies New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.



CRINKLED BED SPREAD

Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

BASKETBALL GUN



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

SHAVE BARBER SET GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

GIANT SPY-GLASS



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN



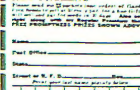
Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

MAIL COUPON TODAY



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

MAIL COUPON TODAY



Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.

Get this handsome instrument. **SEND** for nothing else but our offer.